

WITH UNCLE SAM'S DETECTIVES ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

An Adventure of the Agents of the Department of Justice With the Revolution Makers

THE Isla Dolores is in the Rio Grande a few miles below El Paso. It is Mexican territory and is owned by an aged ranchman named Jose Encino. If a visitor should start a campfire anywhere on the island he would be running a risk, for so great is the quantity of ammunition that has been smuggled thus far on its way to revolutionary war and buried, that any such fire might cause an explosion.

It was in the moonlight of a clear November night in 1911 that a boat drifted down the Rio Grande from the American side, pulled up among the cattails of the north shore of the island and was beached beneath a great cottonwood tree that stood out against the sky as a landmark. Two men stepped ashore and waited in the shadows.

Fifteen minutes later two riders splashed into the water from the Mexican side, floundered through the stream that but came to the stirrups and pointed the noses of their horses for the same huge tree. Nearing it they halted.

"Reyes," said a voice from the darkness. "Gomez," responded a rider. A small, dark man emerged from the shadow of the cottonwood and helped the riders to dismount. One of these latter proved to be a woman, who was treated with great courtesy by the small man. When the horses were tied the four seated themselves beneath the tree in a spot where the underbrush shut out the world.

The bearer of news and evidently the leader of the party was the small, dark man. As it afterward developed he was Dr. Rafael Flores of El Paso. Dr. Flores was about 40 years of age, thin and wiry, with refined and almost classic features. He was a practicing physician in the border city.

The man who had come with him in the boat was named Comacho. He was short, square built, deeply pock marked. He was notorious along the border, particularly in Lower California. He was an expert with explosives and was suspected of having been connected with many deeds.

The man who came on horseback was huge and heavy and wore a red flannel shirt. He it was who had led the assault on Juarez when the troops of Francisco Villa captured that city early in the Madero campaign. He it was who inflicted some of the early atrocities upon prisoners, who piled the torch and who had to be discouraged in his activities by even his bandit associates. Red Shirt Pena he had since been called.

His specialty was smuggling firearms over the border. He had sixty loyal followers in the vicinity of El Carmen.

And the woman—Senorita Josefa Calderon was the name by which she was known. She was from the interior and was something of a mystery, but the current belief was that she was a sister of Gen. Orozco. That uncontrolled chief of rebels was even then stationed at Juarez in command of Madero troops and was vacillating between allegiance to the new President and the leading of a revolt against him. Senorita Calderon was thought to be his messenger.

"There is news," said Dr. Flores, as soon as the party had settled itself. "Gen. Reyes is in San Antonio. He arrived at New Orleans a week ago, came on to San Antonio, where he was given a great demonstration. He has opened revolutionary headquarters there and every mail brings letters and every train brings messengers assuring him of support in overthrowing Madero.

"He has arranged for money to finance the movement. The friends of Emilio Vasquez Gomez are at work along the border. The American financial interests in Mexico are back of us. We are to open headquarters in El Paso and begin the active organization of our forces."

"But the money," said Pena. "We can do nothing until we have money with which to buy ammunition."

"The money," assured the doctor, "is to be immediately forthcoming. In that connection I have a mission for you. Senorita Calderon is to go immediately to San Antonio to report to the chief and to get the money."

"When the money arrives," said Comacho, "all things will be possible. There is dynamite cached at Newman and more at Alamogordo. Ramon Sanchez has other stores of it at Phoenix. We can start action at half a dozen points and wake every demon in Mexico."

"Provide the money, doctor, and I will guarantee to wake up two nations. There is little question of getting results either through the overthrow of Madero or intervention by the United States."

"Likewise will the arms begin to cross the river as soon as they may be bought," volunteered Pena. "I have many men ready to travel back and forth and each will carry a gun and a box of cartridges each trip."

"And the senorita?" asked Dr. Flores. "Can she go for us to San Antonio?"

"As the senor wishes," said that young woman. "But where shall I report on my return?"

"Back to my residence," said the doctor, "there is a small building opening into the alley. There are no windows. We will meet there."

After a long discussion of the details of the organization of the junta, this first gathering of the conspirators broke up.

It was a week after this meeting in the Rio Grande that Archie Dobbs, special agent of the Department of Justice, assigned particularly to the Mexican border to look after violations of the neutrality laws, began to notice the frequency with which groups of Mexicans were to be seen engaged in earnest conversation in the streets of El Paso. About the Orndorff Hotel there were in evidence groups of seemingly wealthy ranch owners. Telling about the Mexican saloons were many big hatted vaqueros, such as make up the armies of any revolutionary movement when trouble starts across the line.

Dobbs went to see Juan Ortega. This young son of Chihuahua was one of the dependable men of Madero, and was a member of the personal secret service of the new President.

The United States authorities were ready to act. They wanted, however, to time their coup in such a way as to have the most discouraging effect possible upon the revolutionists. With this idea in mind they postponed making arrests until the last moment.

The revolutionists were to be taken into custody by Capt. Hughes of the Texas Rangers. There were some fifteen of the active plotters that should be arrested and the Ranger force was the best fitted agency on the border to cope with these.

The manner of making these arrests was peculiar to this cowboy police of the Southwest. The plan was that, when the time to strike should come, operations should begin at the little building without windows where the ringleaders of the revolutionists gathered. These should be arrested, none being allowed to escape and give the alarm.

They should all be put into a wagon, enclosed with white canvas such as is common in the Southwest and which would attract no attention in passing through the streets. This wagon, with two or three rangers aboard the others riding carelessly near it, should then drive about El Paso, picking up a man here and another there until all those wanted were under the white canvas.

But as far as Billy Gard was concerned, the raid came near being late. The position of Gard, the American special agent, in revolution headquarters as a Mexican conspirator was never one of especial security. There was the danger of his identity being found out. There was the difficulty of getting his information to Archie Dobbs and thence to the department at Washington without his connection being discovered. Finally there was his part to be played in the arrests.

Eventually the time came to strike. Gen. Reyes had disappeared from San Antonio and was believed to be fleeing for the Mexican border. The order was issued from Washington to intercept and arrest any of the Reyes party that might be found at any border points. The trap was to be sprung at El Paso.

On that morning, December 22, 1911, Billy Gard reported at the windowless building at 10 o'clock. Dr. Flores was there and was soon joined by Comacho, the dynamiter. Presently a ranchman from Sonora was expected from San Antonio with additional funds, and Pena and other leaders were to drop in.

"Is there any news from Gen. Herrera?" Dr. Flores asked Gard. That young man reported that the Herrera troops would go over to Gen. Reyes as soon as his forces started into the interior.

"And is senior, the dynamiter, ready to perform his service to the cause of liberty?" asked the doctor of Comacho. "The noise we will make will be heard from Tia Juana to Brownsville," responded Comacho.

"Pena is now on the street ready to strike," said the leader. "This afternoon Reyes will cross the Rio Grande and, pish! the powder will be ignited."

At this moment a cautious knock was heard at the one entrance to the rendezvous and the doctor, who always sat with his back against this door, opened it an inch. He recognized the man outside and welcomed him. He ushered him inside and began his presentation to those already assembled. He was a revolutionist from Los Angeles who had but just arrived.

The entrance of the visitor would have been of no great importance but for one fact—he was from Los Angeles. Gard had done much work in Los Angeles and a few of the members of the revolutionary junta there had learned of his identity. The visitor was one of that few. If Gard were recognized he would be exposed and in this desperate company would be in a delicate position.

The man from Los Angeles began to tell of the part he had played in lighting the fuse that was about to start a revolution. His remarks were addressed to Dr. Flores and to Comacho, the dynamiter, an associate of his. The man in the corner received little attention from him. But as the talker's vision became adjusted to the darkness room he turned his glance occasionally in the direction of the special agent.

That young man sat as one hypnotized with the possibilities of the situation. He felt very sure that, as time passed, the visitor's eyesight would adjust itself and he would be recognized. His mind ran ahead and saw the scene that would then be precipitated. The thrill of it held him taut, ready for any emergency.

The third time that the eye of the visitor passed him it lingered a moment questioningly and passed on. He looked at the dynamiter during a long explanation of some detail of bomb making before his glance again returned to Gard. By this time his eyesight had become entirely readjusted.

He started forward, mouth agape. He sprang to his feet. He pointed an accusing finger at the special agent and fairly screamed:

"A spy, a traitor! He is an agent of the perfidious United States. He is a detective, an informer, a spy, a traitor! He is an agent of the perfidious United States. He is a detective, an informer, a spy, a traitor! He is an agent of the perfidious United States. He is a detective, an informer, a spy, a traitor!"

An oath was ripped from the throat of the dynamiter. The Mexican ranchman stood apace. The nervous little doctor sprang to his feet and started as if to spring at the throat of the special agent. But as he advanced he found himself looking into the muzzle of a pistol. He recoiled.

"Don't make a great mistake," said Gard. "What this man says may be true and it may not. Granting that it is true I am then in the best position right now I could hope to be in. If one of you advances a step toward me I will fire. None of you dare fire upon me, as the shots that would follow would expose you. Now sit tight and talk business. What do you propose to do about it?"

"You shall die and be fed to the buzzards," cried the dynamiter. "We have been betrayed," almost sobbed the little doctor. "It may not be as bad as it seems," argued Gard, talking against time. "The four of you should be able to get me if you insist on shooting it out. I will get one or two of you, however, and the police will get the rest. I would suggest that it would be wiser for you to let me back slowly out of that door and that you all beat it for Mexico."

The little doctor stiffened stubbornly against the one exit, but before this proposition could be seriously considered there came a loud rapping at the door. The noise it sounded as though it were made with the butt of a revolver. The knocking was repeated with greater vigor. Then a drawing Texas voice sang out:

"Oh, you greasers, lift the latch. This ain't no way to treat visitors." "Break it in, captain," called out Gard, who recognized the voice of the ranger chief. "This bunch is half captured already."

Then came the creaking of door hinges as though a great weight was being thrown against them and, finally, a mighty crash. As the door came in nothing could be seen but the blank side of a thick cotton mattress. There were other things that stopped bullets like a cotton mattress and it is therefore an excellent breastwork in an attack which is likely to be met by bullets fired through a door. This was not the first time such an object had been used in ranger strategy.

Presently the head of a ranger peered cautiously around the mattress and a request for a parley was made. The Mexicans decided upon discretion and surrendered without a fight. Gard was thus relieved of a very delicate situation.

The four prisoners from the windowless house were loaded into the white armed wagon. It moved on ostentatiously to other parts of the

city and around it the ranger dragoon tightened. Red Shirt Pena was found in the act of boarding a street car. He made fight, but a ranger shot him with a blow from a six shooter, killing him with a blow from a six shooter. In two hours fifteen of the ring leaders of the El Paso revolutionists were behind prison bars and an expedition that might have been launched in this vicinity was leaderless.

At Brownsville a similar drama had operated at about the same time. Gen. Reyes himself succeeded in getting across into Mexico. But the leaders from the American side had been discouraged and failed to follow him, even where they were not fully convinced of the aged General's cause after he entered his native land, as had been expected. Discouraged he surrendered to the Madero authorities a few days later at the little town of Llaneta and his revolution was at an end.

Billy Gard and Archie Dobbs Expose Plot to Dynamite El Paso Bridge and Catch Leaders

The light in the windowless building was very dim and the stranger had come in from the sunlight. His eyes were not adjusted to the darkness and he therefore did not recognize the special agent when presented to him. Appreciating the reason for this lack of recognition Gard made an excuse for going out and approached the door.

Flores again sat with his back against it. When the young man tried to pass the doctor waved him aside and said that he desired that he should hear the report of the man from Los Angeles. Gard, therefore, settled himself in the remotest and darkest corner.

The man from Los Angeles began to tell of the part he had played in lighting the fuse that was about to start a revolution. His remarks were addressed to Dr. Flores and to Comacho, the dynamiter, an associate of his. The man in the corner received little attention from him. But as the talker's vision became adjusted to the darkness room he turned his glance occasionally in the direction of the special agent.

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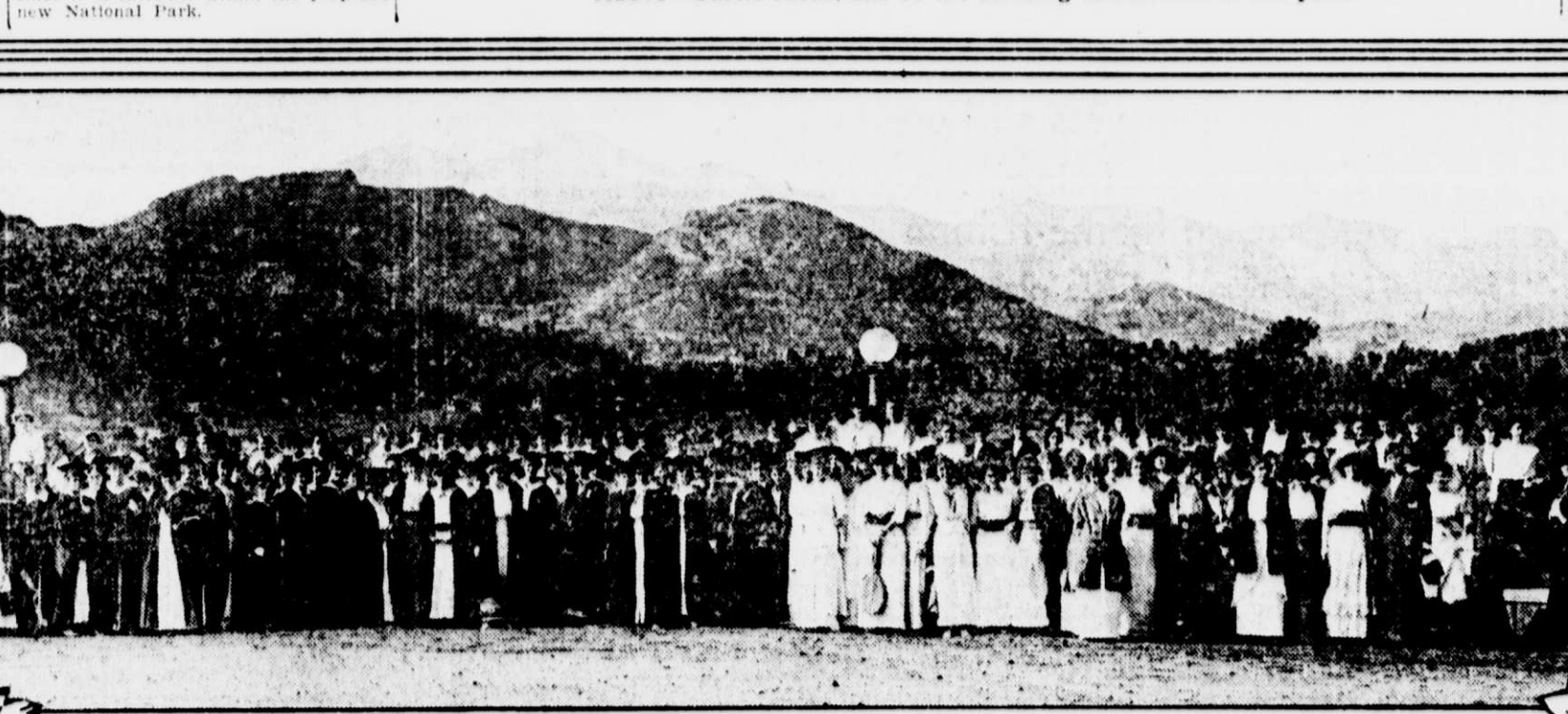
ESTES PARK, COL., ATTRACTS MOTORISTS



One of the waterfalls in the park.



Going into Estes Park, the gateway to the new Rocky Mountain National Park. Above—Castle rocks, one of the striking formations in the park.



Kappa-Kappa-Gammas in front of the Stanley Hotels in Estes Park, Col.

FOUND A LIVING IN BOXES

WHOMEVER would have thought looking at a pair of shoe boxes, a corset boxes, eyeglass boxes, and handboxes, that in them lay the foundation for a profession? If there is a woman in New York living a few doors off Fifth Avenue, who is obliged to support herself and to see her opportunity in plain cardboard boxes. She had been an artist, a portrait painter, in comfortable circumstances. Suddenly she was thrown on her own resources. Instead of being a woman of means and starting in a little business art did not yield her the necessary sustenance, she turned her gift to account in a less exacting but exceedingly useful field.

She gathered together all the boxes available and covered them neatly with the prettiest wall paper she could find. Then she sold them. Now her friends send her all the empty boxes that are eligible after a wedding has taken place in their midst.

"But who wants boxes covered with wall paper?" exclaimed a curious inquirer at the Woman's Trades Exhibition last spring, where the Red Lady had a booth.

"Lots of people, particularly women," was the reply. "They want boxes in which to store away their shirts, instead of having to keep them in the plain boxes in which they come. And they want them to be presents in, instead of putting the latter in unattractive plain boxes. The manner in which a gift is sent is quite as important these days as the gift itself, you know. Yes, I have quite a large clientele."

A visit to her workshop the other day proved this fact. There were a number of automobiles standing outside and the customers lingered over the boxes and boxes of boxes. The maker had created no surroundings of luxury into which to receive them. She evidently sailed the boat of her enterprise with close righs and deck cleared for activity.

There were oval boxes, boxes with wall paper of rose design, hats. There was one about six inches high, but oval and easily carried. This box contained a baby's pink twine that just fitted it. It had been made to order and was a tenner. "I have got so now," continued the Red Lady, "that I make them to order. At first it was difficult, the order-mitting and all that, but now I do it quite neatly—see?" So neatly, indeed, that the work was perfect.

There were boxes of boxes, boxes to hold order given me by a woman yesterday afternoon. It was a box for a pillow for a pillow for a pillow. It was twenty inches in circumference and two feet high. One of my orders consisted of two boxes made to order. The boxes were flower covered and decorated. A box was made to hold different classes of linen, for instance, shirts and towels. Another set of boxes was made for the bedroom closet of a woman at the Vanderbilt Hotel. The boxes were made to order and were of different sizes for dresses and gowns. When she arrived at the hotel, the boxes were made to order and were of different sizes for dresses and gowns.

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LADY FRENCH'S CANTEENS

LADY FRENCH is at the head of the canteen work in the city. She is the daughter of a wealthy family and has been educated in the best of the nation's universities. For such canteens as are needed for the munition factories taking on large numbers of workers, it is impossible for these women to get living accommodations in the city. In some towns where the munition work is the utmost capacity of the town, there are no restaurants, and the facilities for supplying food are far below the demand. In such cases, Lady French, having undertaken the need, to do for the workers what the Army Service Corps has done for the men in the front. Good food, freshly cooked and served, is supplied to the workers at a minimum cost, which means that the workers pay for all the food but not enough for the canteen to make a profit.